

SOUTH AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

BOLIVIA'S STANDARD-BEARS IN THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Some Famous Warriors—General Thiev-
ery—The Yuracares—Melgarejo's De-
termination to Aid France.

Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.
XXVI.

LA PAZ, Bolivia, July, 1890.

In a land whose institutions are upheld by force of arms alone, soldiers are necessarily a prominent feature and in La Paz, since the late revolutionary troubles, they seem more numerous than ever. The rebel army, by the way, discouraged by the lack of funds and the refusal of the bank to cash General Camacho's worthless check for \$60,000, has temporarily disbanded and for some weeks past a sort of armed peace has prevailed. The rebels, however, are only biding their time, waiting the opportunity to spring upon the Government in some unguarded moment, like a very small kitten upon a very large mouse, in which event there is no telling what the result may be.

Military parades are always frequent here, doubtless with a view to impressing the people with their prowess, but now hardly a day goes by without a grand display of cavalry and infantry, rank and file, evolving around and around the plaza. Martial music is continually in the air. At stated intervals during every day a company of soldiers comes sweeping down the hill from one barracks, or up the hill from another, marching behind a brass band in full toot and halting before the President's case, where they render a selection or two for the delectation of the people. It is only the ceremony of guard mounting, and although it occurs every few hours, year in and year out, it is invariably attended by the same flourish of music and musketry. Besides all this it has been the custom from time immemorial to have military music in front of the Palace two nights in every week, the evenings of most fiestas, when three bands stationed in a row play alternately, each musician with a soldier before him whose back serves as a rack for the score; while gaily caparisoned officers off duty swarm like mosquitoes and crowds of people promenade around and around the plaza.

All the soldiers are obliged to attend mass on Sunday mornings, "clean shirt day," as it is irreverently called, and an interesting sight it is to see them come marching in with their bayonets fixed to their rifles, their shoulders each division headed by its officers. They completely fill the body of the church, and the sound of the organ is drowned by the blare of trumpets. At a signal arms are presented, down goes every musket upon the stone floor with a thud which shakes the building, and then the men stand motionless as statues until the proper time comes to fall upon their knees.

In the Bolivian army a great variety of uniform is noticeable, each officer having apparently been allowed to exercise his own taste in the equipment of his company, and among the strange and the fancies swung out in the matter of personal adornments. There are suits in gray and gold, in black and gold, in blue and gold, in blue and red, in black and blue, in gray and black; others all red, all gray, all blue; and caps of various shapes and colors in the same regiment. Some of the officers wear long double-breasted overcoats of scarlet cloth, others gray cloaks not unlike those of Franciscan friars, and others the graceful satin-lined circulars of black broadcloth characteristic of Spanish Hidalgoes. The "President's guards," whom we see carrying about the city in gorgeous array, are, of course, the crack regiment—in dress and demeanor as far removed as the antipodes from the shabby, bare-footed common soldiers. The cavalry make the finest display, the officers on powerful white horses, a thousand yards in scarlet from top to toe, and riding as only South Americans can.

Without disparaging the valor of Bolivian soldiers, their general get-up reminds one of an historic event which may perhaps illustrate their character. It was many years ago, in some fracas between Peru and Bolivia, when the armies of the two countries rushed forth to battle with banners flying. So splendidly arrayed were they and so stunning an appearance did they make, that when one beheld the other, both sides turned tail and fled in confusion. Gathering courage at length, the rival generals, with such men as they could rally, returned to face each other, keeping at respectful distance and talking through trumpets; when, after considerable parleying, the war was declared "off," both armies marched home in triumph with flags unfurled, and to this day the local historians of both countries chronicle their side as victors.

In connection with the difficulty of placing Bolivia's soldiers according to their uniform, it may be mentioned that her armies are composed of about as many officers as men. From time immemorial it has been the object of rulers and rulers to render the military force as the Government, through pride of self-interest, if not from patriotism. Thus we see corporals flourishing about in togery of Colonels, with pay to correspond; and the leader of one of the bands wears the full uniform of a General and receives the honors and emoluments pertaining to the latter position.

One of the most distinguished warriors Bolivia has produced was General Melgarejo, who appears to have been original in character as he was fearless and determined. Evidently he was designed for those feudal times that have long gone by, and his methods would not be tolerated to-day in any civilized land. At one time he lived in the big house at the northwest corner of the central plaza of La Paz, which is now the residence of the Bishop. He was extremely fond of the "rosy," which in his case not only cheered but incited. One day when he had been entertaining a foreign Minister and had imbibed considerably more than was prudent, he boasted that his troops were the best drilled in the world and also very fond of him, in the accuracy of their movements. The statement being received by the guest with polite incredulity, Melgarejo ordered up a company to drill in the patio of his house. After many curious and before unheard-of evolutions, he formed them single file and marched them up the second story front room where the Minister and himself had lately breakfasted, opened a window directly in front of the line and gave the order, "March!" Having no order to halt, every man, accented as he was, stalked straight through the window and off the balcony, a drop of fifteen feet in the air, to the curbing below. A lot of broken bones was the consequence, but the General's "discipline" was proved beyond cavil, the unfortunate soldiers knowing that to falter or to disobey meant instant death.

Melgarejo had some French blood in his veins and was very fond of the land of his ancestors. On the night that news was received in Bolivia of war having been declared by France against Germany, in 1871, he was, as usual at that hour, more than "half seas over," and at midnight assembled all the troops to arms in the plaza with orders to march, but with no hint as to their destination. Great alarm possessed the people who naturally imagined that some dire peril threatened them from foreign foes. At length Melgarejo himself appeared, mounted on the famous steed Holofernes, who had carried him to many victories, notably those of Socabaya, Yanacocha, Igar, Iruga and Montenegro. The great Captain-General

of Bolivia's army, who was also General of division of Chile and wearer of the badge of the Imperial Order of the Cross of Brazil, a rare distinction, entitling him to be ever afterward known as "Grand Cross Melgarejo," halted in front of his brave men and addressed them, with voice of thunder, with these memorable words: "Soldiers, the integrity of France is threatened by Prussia. Whoever threatens France threatens civilization and liberty. I am going to protect the French, who are our best friends and whom I love as my own countrymen. You are going around the ocean with me. If there is not a vessel in readiness we will swim to meet one, but let every man take care not to wet his ammunition!"

Neither officers, men nor citizens dare venture a word of protest and with Melgarejo at the head of the column, they filed out of the city and up the mountain by the only road that leads from this cup-like hollow to the outer world. Meanwhile, in the city all was confusion and dismay. A pouring rain came on, and thunder and lightning added terror to the scene. Near the cemetery the troops were obliged to halt to recover breath. Here the Cabinet Minister, who had been sent out to make one more effort to dissuade Melgarejo from the next enterprise, came up with him; and the General, his ardor having been somewhat dampened, and his intoxication subdued by a thorough wetting, consented to return, and cheerfully ordered the soldiers back to their barracks.

Thousands of tales are told of this singular man some of them terrible enough to curdle the blood in one's veins. That he was not altogether cruel is proved by his conduct after the battle of Tetania, in January, 1880, on which occasion his army routed the constitutional forces under General Castro, Arguedas, in the middle of the field, with the dead and dying around him, the victorious Melgarejo, using a drum-head for a table, wrote that historic proclamation beginning "Men of Bolivia! The smoke of gunpowder has purified the political atmosphere. A great many prisoners and heads taken among them, a number of prominent officers. They were confined to the prison of Loreto, that place of somber memories where, a few years before, the ex-President of the Republic, Jorge Cordova, and his political associates were sacrificed by the ferocity of the commander of the garrison, General Placido Yanes, whose name, meaning "tranquil," does not seem to have been very well applied. On the day after the battle Melgarejo, mounted on horseback, made his way to the plaza of Loreto and ordered all the prisoners to be brought before him and he took them one by one, in the character of the man, this order was received by the prisoners as their death sentence, and the people of the place, overcome with terror, expected to witness a horrible scene of bloodshed and vengeance.

The prisoners were filed out, among them many of Melgarejo's army, who had fled from his stern rule and joined the enemy on the day of battle. When the row was formed, every wretch expecting instant death, General Melgarejo approached and contemplated them with a gaze that shook the whole of their veins. He said: "So these are my opponents; these are the curs who thought to conquer Melgarejo! Away with you, ye vermin, ye offscouring! Sink back to your homes and return not to seek quarrels with me. Dedicate your miserable lives in the future to the service of your fatherland. Away with you, ye corrupt demagogues!" (Carajo is the worst swear-word in the Spanish language.)

It is needless to add that the prisoners skedaddled, fleeing through the streets in all directions like so many frightened deer, fearing that the great General might change his mind before they were out of his reach. Melgarejo then took up his position in the village of Viache, where in the public square he signed, upon a cannon, the celebrated decree of convocation which assembled a National Convention in the following August, where he then and there announced his intention to make a triumphal entry into the city of La Paz, mounted, not on his stately Holofernes, but astride the same cannon on which he had written the decree, and he actually carried out the programme, to the astonishment and terror of the Bolivians.

As further illustrative of a phase of life in Bolivia, it may be delicately hinted that while the poor Indians are notorious for stealing small things—never under any stress of temptation or opportunity taking articles of value—the Cholos, and even some members of the so-called "best society," are great thieves. At public balls and private parties, where the work is done there, Melgarejo then took up his position in the village of Viache, where in the public square he signed, upon a cannon, the celebrated decree of convocation which assembled a National Convention in the following August, where he then and there announced his intention to make a triumphal entry into the city of La Paz, mounted, not on his stately Holofernes, but astride the same cannon on which he had written the decree, and he actually carried out the programme, to the astonishment and terror of the Bolivians.

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The President imported a lot of china and glassware for his family's use, and when the great box arrived a company of soldiers was detailed to unpack it in the court of the palace, and carry the articles to the delivery of the work done there in charge, knowing the habits of the country so well, ordered the soldiers to pass one by one into an ante-room, where they were searched, those outside not knowing what was going on; and upon every motion of the hands, the soldiers were ordered to search, which they had managed to stuff into their capacious pockets.

What a contrast to these trifling people was Bolivar, the man who freed them! He was very wealthy at one time, but instead of sitting down, as he might have done, and quietly enjoying life in his beloved Venezuela, he spent nearly all his money in the service of his country. Once when a million of dollars was presented to him as a token of gratitude, he purchased with it the liberty of a thousand slaves, and established each of them on a little up-state in the United States. He has splendid monuments erected to his memory; yet he died in exile, actually in want of the necessities of life.

We have been much interested of late in accounts of the Yuracares, a tribe of wild Indians who inhabit the eastern frontier of Bolivia. They are a very different sort of sort of shirt made from the bark of a tree, the bark being beaten thin until it resembles cloth. They paint these shirts in all kinds of grotesque figures, using bright colors extracted from various dye plants. On state occasions the cacique also wears a pig-tail made from the shells of nuts, the backs of green beetles and gay feathers from parrots and macaws; besides which, he and all his people further enhance their beauty by painting black rings around their arms and legs. One would think that nature had made them dark enough, but they evidently entertain a different opinion, and make use of a kind of fruit which looks like an apple, which, when rubbed on the skin, turns it black as ink. Then they redden their cheeks with the juice of a berry, and paint scarlet rings around their eyes and mouth. From each ear a silver cone is suspended; around the neck is a string of beads and berries with a bird's wing or claw of some wild animal.

for a pendant. As a proof that they are rather proud of their appearance, each carries a bag containing a few articles for use in adorning himself; a comb made from the bones of the palm-tree, a quantity of the berries and fruit for painting the skin black and red; a pair of pinners (which are nothing but two mussel shells) for pulling out any superfluous hair that makes its appearance; a snuff-box made from small-shells; and a small tin of paint of which he is most fond—the polished bone from a stork's leg or that of a monkey, which, being round and hollow, answers very well for a flute or whistle, especially as it is noise he desires, and not a tune.

The chief sustenance of these Indians is chicha, made of the cassava root (yuca) boiled and then partly chewed by the women, after which it is mashed between stones and left to ferment. On the third day it becomes a little sharp in taste, which quality increases as the fermentation proceeds. Its consistency is considered good enough for anybody. There are many ways of making it in different parts of South America. That most common in the two countries above mentioned is from shelled corn, well washed and bruised, then tied in leaves and boiled for twelve hours until quite soft. This pulpy matter is then run through coarse sieves and put into barrels, which are filled up with water. Miel (honey) or sugar-cane syrup is then added in varying degrees to suit the taste of the chicha maker, and after a few days of fermentation it is ready to drink.

Another, and perhaps more common method, is to put the shelled corn, uncooked, into large, square holes dug in the ground not deeper than six or eight inches, the top and bottom being well covered with a layer of clean straw. Water is then poured on several times every day, and in the course of a week or two the corn begins to sprout. When these shoots have grown about an inch long, the corn is taken out, crushed between stones, put into barrels and fermented with water and honey. Chicha is not intoxicating unless taken in inordinate quantities, but is mildly exhilarating, and among the poorer classes in a measure takes the place of food. It is the fashion among the *ricos* and the foreigners to treat one another to *placate limonco*—meaning native dishes made very hot with peppers and oil, cooled by goblets of chicha.

FANNIE B. WARD.

The Horrifying Neighbor.

Mother has often told me of a funny thing that happened in her youth, as a young housekeeper, afflicted with a little of the neighbor. This lady seldom had anything of her own at hand when it was wanted, so she depended upon the obliging disposition of her friends.

One day my mother put on her large housekeeper's apron, and went to the yard to her outdoor kitchen. The kitchen in Kentucky was never a part of the house, but always at a little distance from it, in a separate building.

"Aunt Phyllis," said my mother to the cook, who was browning coffee-grains in a skillet over the fire, "I thought I told you I was coming here to make pound-cake and cream pie this morning. Why is nothing ready?"

"La me, Miss Emmeline," replied Aunt Phyllis. "Miss Tilda Jenkins done carried off your fire pie and rolling-pin and pastry-board and borrowed all de eggs and cream for herself. Her bakin' isn't mo'n begun."

This was a high-handed proceeding, but nothing could be done in the case. It was Mrs. Jenkins' habit, and mother had chosen her mind before they were married, that the servants, who were easy-going niggers, troubled themselves to ask the mistress, but lent the inconvenient borrower whatever she desired.

Sometimes just as we were going to church, I was too little at the time to remember, mother said that a small black boy with very white teeth and a very woolly head, would pop up at her chamber door, exclaiming:

"Howdy, Miss Emmeline. Miss Tilda done sent me to borrow yo' prayer-book. She goin' to church to-day herself."

Or, of a summer evening, her maid would appear with a modest request for Miss Emmeline's sewing machine, or her fan; Miss Tilda wanted to make a call, and had nothing to wear.

All this, I think, made mother perfectly set against our ever borrowing so much as a slate-pencil or a pin. We were always to use our own things or go without. "You can't borrow a thing from me," she would say, "for I don't want to be bothered with it for months at the house, and were in and out of my room in the freest way, forever bringing me their gloves to mend or their ties to clean, as consins will."

"Never borrow," said my mother. "Buy, or give away, or do without, but be bothered with it for months at the house, and were in and out of my room in the freest way, forever bringing me their gloves to mend or their ties to clean, as consins will."

In Town and Hamlet.

The seeds of intermittent and bilious remittent fever germinate and bear evil fruit. No community has altogether escaped it. In populous wards of large cities bad sewage causes it, and in their suburbs stagnant pools in sunken lots breed it. There is at once a remedy and a means of prevention. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is without peradventure the most potent antidote in existence to the malarial virus. Fortified with the incomparable, saving specific, miasmatic influences may be encountered with absolute impunity. Disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, begotten by miasmatic water, or any other cause, succumb to the beneficent corrective named, and rheumatic, kidney and bladder troubles are surely remedied by its use when it is given a persistent trial.

California Flowers.

Slowly, but surely, the fact is being recognized that California is capable of growing sufficient flowers to produce the essential oils used in the United States. A representative of Solon Palmer of New York, one of the largest manufacturers of perfume in the country, is now traveling over the southern part of the State looking for locations in which to make experiments in extracting the oils from the various flowers. There is no Art in Dublin, Cork, Limerick and Waterford small classes of lace pattern designers have been established, and the students in them are sometimes commissioned by dealers to compose patterns for laces which may be made in different parts of Ireland.

At Limerick, Massachusetts, Capponin, Newton, Barry, Borris and elsewhere ladies interested in lacemaking supervise the work done by little groups of peasant women. There is a prosperous lace school on the Bath and Shirley estate at Carrackmacross, but none of these last named places are any drawing and pattern-making classes corresponding with those at the convents. Limerick has now opened a training school for young lace-workers. This school is supported by public subscription started by Mr. Shaw of Limerick, but has hardly been in the industry. Limerick and Carrackmacross embroideries on net are perhaps the more easily made of the different Irish laces.

Crochet work is in a most encouraging condition, the demand for fine grades exceeding the supply. One firm not long ago employing only sixty girls now has 600. The American and French are the largest buyers, a pattern called the "Royal Irish Guipure" taking the best.

The larger quantity of Irish needle-point lace is filmy and flat as compared with the substantial raised or relief lace, of which, as a class, the *Irish Point de France* is the heaviest and boldest character. This flat-point lace is made principally at Youghal, in County Cork, and Kilmaree, County Kerry. Youghal, under the direction of the Presentation Convent there, has produced for a good many years some remarkable lace of this sort. Kilmaree was the first of the lacemaking convents to establish an art class, and during the past few years has not only manifested much energy, but has also produced one or two quite remarkable bits of lace.

A very little pillow lace is produced in Ireland. There are one or two *torcon* making centers in Galway and the West. Some of the Industrial School children under the Convent of Mercy at Parsonsstown learn to do a sort of Honiton and Brussels applique lace, but the annual output is small. Attempts have been made by the managers of the Donegal Industrial Fund to reduce the cost of the lace by means of pillow lacemaking, especially with colored threads, after the style of certain Bohemian and Russian laces. Encouraging reports have been made of these attempts and of the trade in their results.

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IRISH LACEMAKING.

THE ART INTRODUCED NEARLY TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Persistent Efforts to Make the Industry
Successful—Convent Schools—The
Centers of the Business.

Lacemaking in Ireland, regarded as something more than a name to cover kindly meant but spasmodic efforts to find employment for the poor, has to compete, says an English magazine, with lacemaking in other parts of the world. The art of making lace by hand has been pursued for close upon 400 years in Italy, the Netherlands and France, and it is by a comparison with the industry in these countries that an idea can be gained of Ireland's standing in the same field. In its earliest days lacemaking abroad, practiced as it was by peasant women and religious communities, secured the support of a clientele of patrons, whose whimsical tastes stimulated the exercise of artistic invention and subtle handicraft. But whenever that was relaxed the industry and its trade were seriously affected. Supply stimulated demand, and the nature of the demand helped to keep up the high character of the supply. In England and Ireland it gradually became the impression that the work was a peasant and cottage industry, and as such it commended itself to the notice of benevolent persons. Experience, however, has shown that simple benevolence does not imply any real perception or capacity to discern. In fact, the impulsive sentiment of benevolence usually leads to results different from the more lasting ones of commercial discipline. The influence of benevolence is somewhat strongly marked in its connection with lacemaking.

Widespread as lacemaking had become among the women of France and Flanders by the end of the seventeenth century, it was at that time somewhat extensively practiced in England, whence it passed over in a modified degree to Ireland. Here from the beginning it had been too weakly to secure for it a fairly promising foothold. This may be inferred from the fact that in the year 1743 the Royal Dublin Society granted to a benevolent and energetic lady, Lady Arabella Denny, £30 a year to be distributed to Irish families who were in the habit of those who excelled in lacemaking. She was possibly fired with ambition to promote the industry in Ireland by noting in the southern counties of England the diligence of the "free maids who weave their threads with bones," as well as by reading passages in Bishop Hoadly's "Worthy the Wise," which describes how on a summer's evening common laborers were to be seen "sitting along the streets of a town or village, each at his own door with a cushion before him, making bone lace, and earning more in an evening's pastime than Irish families would in a whole day." She seems to have set to work to teach children in a few of the Irish parishes how to make "bone lace"—a small trimming lace something like the *torcon* of modern commerce, so that they should win the prizes. The Royal Dublin Society continued to grant £30 a year for thirty years. Nevertheless soon after Lady Denny's death bone lacemaking became extinct. But the tradition survived, and early in the present century and attempt was made to revive it. The first was in 1820. Small groups of lacemakers were established. About 1846 it is known as Carrickmacross lace gained prominence, but interest waned and as good as disappeared entirely.

The uncertain and declining sales of Irish lace then gave birth to a "Ladies' Industrial Society for Ireland," whose aim was to make lace in the drawing and embroidery in the North and South of Ireland soon became proficient in knitting "tatting." In 1851 a Normal Lace School was established in Dublin, a grant of £500 being allowed by Parliament. But at the end of the first year it was found that while there was some improvement in the drawing and designing classes, lacemaking was a failure, and the school was closed. In 1883, with a view of stimulating interest, a number of leading firms dealing in laces gave an exhibition of all kinds of Irish lace and embroidery in London. The evidence of the handwork was not on every side, but the artistic taste displayed in the patterns was of a low standard. But it drew attention to Irish work in that direction, and the convents began forming classes and giving instruction. The number of students was small, but apparently upon the training and influence of such students, who for the most part are nuns, the possible future success of lacemaking in Ireland will largely depend. At the different centers many of the children learning lacemaking, we were told, were as good as workers, who come to the work-rooms provided for their use, learn to draw and so to accustom themselves to good flowing lines and a sense of proportion in ornament, though very few, if any, of them possess or can be expected to possess the capability or aptitude to compose ornament.

These scattered art classes, most of which are equipped with good examples or photographs of old laces and with other works displaying types of ornamental compositions are in direct touch with the convents. The convents, which is at least a new one in the conditions of lacemaking in Ireland, has been developed since 1884. There are now eight of such classes at lacemaking centers, besides six similar classes at convents where varieties of industrial instruction are given. The schools at Art in Dublin, Cork, Limerick and Waterford small classes of lace pattern designers have been established, and the students in them are sometimes commissioned by dealers to compose patterns for laces which may be made in different parts of Ireland.

At Limerick, Massachusetts, Capponin, Newton, Barry, Borris and elsewhere ladies interested in lacemaking supervise the work done by little groups of peasant women. There is a prosperous lace school on the Bath and Shirley estate at Carrackmacross, but none of these last named places are any drawing and pattern-making classes corresponding with those at the convents. Limerick has now opened a training school for young lace-workers. This school is supported by public subscription started by Mr. Shaw of Limerick, but has hardly been in the industry. Limerick and Carrackmacross embroideries on net are perhaps the more easily made of the different Irish laces.

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it is absolutely harmless and will effect a per-
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will visit Sacramento within the next few
weeks we extend a cordial invitation to visit
our store and get prices, whether wanting to
purchase or not. Our stock comprises
First-class Stoves, Ranges, Crockery,
Lamps, Gasoline Stoves,
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They have not been in use six weeks.
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Are manufacturing Tents and all kinds
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Do Not Fail to Try This or You
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Schaden & Tanquary,
—Wholesale and Retail Dealers in—
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Flour, Hay, Grain,
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Goods delivered to any part of the City,
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AMERICAN STEAM LAUNDRY

DAILY RECORD-UNION

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

ISSUED BY THE
SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.
Office, Third Street, between J and K.THE DAILY RECORD-UNION,
Published six days in each week, with Double
Sheet on Saturdays, andTHE SUNDAY UNION,
Published every Sunday morning, making a
splendid SEVEN-DAY paper.For one year.....\$6 00
For three months.....2 00
For six months.....3 00
Subscribers served by Carriers at FIFTEEN
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the paper can be had of the principal Periodical
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THE SUNDAY UNION is served by Carriers at
TWENTY-FIVE cents per month.THE WEEKLY UNION
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or Express to agents or single subscribers, with
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The best Advertising Medium on the Pacific
Coast.Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as
second-class matter.THE RECORD-UNION, SUNDAY UNION AND
WEEKLY UNION are the only papers on the
Coast, outside of San Francisco, that receive
the full Associated Press dispatches from all
parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco,
they have no competitors either in influence or
home and general circulation throughout the
State.The readers of the RECORD-UNION leaving the
city for the heated term can have the paper sent
to their address for 65 cents per month, postage
prepaid.San Francisco Agencies.
This paper is for sale at the following places:
L. P. Fisher's, room 21, Merchants' Exchange,
California street; the principal News Stands
and Bookstores, and at the Market Street Ferry.
Also, for sale on all Trains leaving and
coming into Sacramento.THE RACE QUESTION FROM THE RADICAL
SOUTHERN STANDPOINT.We have never denied that there is a
strong negative side to the "race" or "negro
question." That side has not been recently
so concisely and ably presented as by Sen-
ator John T. Morgan. The intelligent
reader wants both sides of every ques-
tion presented to him, and we therefore
give in this form a fair and full statement
of the position occupied by Mr. Morgan,
who may be said to represent the radical
or extremist class upon the negative, hold-
ing that the negro and the white races
cannot, because of their natures, live am-
icably under the same government, but that
there should be and will be a negro exodus,
which the individual and the State and
Federal Governments ought to encourage
and aid financially and morally.The major premise of his argument as
presented in elaborate detail in the *Arena*
for September, is that the Thirteenth
Amendment, providing against the effect
of "race, color and previous condition of
servitude," was based upon the supposed
capacity of the negro to rise to social as
well as political equality with the whites,
but the amendment concedes by its pro-
jection that the negro needed aid to lift
him up to the full enjoyment of his lib-
erty.The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amend-
ments were intended to give higher and
more definite security to the liberties of
the negro, to prevent their natural decay
resulting from natural inability of the
negro to preserve and enjoy them. But if
they were intended to protect the negro
from the white race, in either case a race
question is recognized by the amendments.
It was expected that the conferment of po-
litical rights would convey with it equal-
ity of social privileges with the whites.
But this has not proved prophetic, because
there is behind the law an irrevocable race
question. The law has constantly invited
the negro to seek social as well as po-
litical equality; this has been resisted by
the whites, and because there is a nat-
ural race question or division between the
two forbidding homogeneity.This question is dependent upon and re-
lates to essential differences between the
races, as arranged by the hand of the
Creator. The color is one, but the least im-
portant. Mental differences, differing
traits, faculty of governing, forecast, en-
terprise, and achievement in the wide
field of the arts and sciences, are others.
The negro in the United States is de-
scended from a people who enslaved and
sold their own into foreign bondage, and
are still engaged in the same traffic. But
if he were not, and had been invited to
come here and become a citizen and by
his talents and virtues add to the common
wealth, the race question would be an issue,
as unavoidable and important as it is to-
day.If the 7,000,000 negroes were not here
there would be peace and harmony among
our people. There is not harmony be-
cause of the aversion of the white race for
the negro race. There is such an aversion
by the whites for the Indian who has
never submitted to enslavement. The
difference in color and social traits ac-
counts for it, though the red man by his
bravery and independence inspires us with
respect. Now it is not slavery that caused
or causes this aversion, nor lack of man-
liness, nor fortitude. In the history of the
Indians is the proof that no race inferior
in capacity and intelligence can co-exist
with the white race in the same govern-
ment and preserve its distinctive traits of
social organization. If the two races can
not come in blood the inferior race will
be crushed.The Indian race is the only one that has
never enslaved its own people. In Amer-
ica and the West Indies the Indian races
have perished because of stubborn resist-
ance to the dominance of races of superior
knowledge and power. If they had
yielded as did the negroes, they would
have taken similar places. The Senator
makes copious historical references in
support of these latter positions, and to
prove that as a slave the Indian has al-
ways perished; that in all other races ex-
cept the negro, the slave has, at last
worked out his own deliverance. But
neither here nor in Africa has he made
even an effort to do so. Slavery continues
without modification or abatement in
Africa—it is the common law of the negro
race in Africa.

The experience of all nations is that

slavery has been a rudimentary condition,
and no race is to be despised because
its first government was so rooted. The
organization of the Congo Free State was
effected to give the negro opportunity,
with the aid of the great Powers, to break
the chains of slavery riveted upon him by
his own. The very formation of the State
proceeded upon the basis of the inferiority
of the negro race, a race that in its native
land has never made a voluntary effort to
rise above the plane of slavery, or to con-
tribute a thought, or a labor, or an art or
the sciences of the world, or anything of
the least service to mankind, except when
aided by civilization. For ages they have
possessed a fertile country, bred in
myriads, suffered no subjugation by foreign
powers, and the result of their contribu-
tion to the world has been limited to
slaves and the natural products of the
forest.The negro has not, in Africa, risen as
yet high enough to repress human sacri-
fices and cannibalism, while his religion is
a witchcraft attended with brutal crime.
So the assumption of the inferiority of the
race is not justly attributable to prejudice;
nor is the deep-seated aversion of all
white races the result of slavery. What-
ever its source it exists, and is so
grounded in conviction and sentiment
that neither race can yield. The negro
has slight hold on any other races by mar-
riage, and with whites the law prohibits it,
and no expression of race aversion could
be more distinct than this fact.Abolition of slavery intensified this
aversion by destruction of the trust and
confidence that existed between master
and slave, and they have been supplanted
by resentment that is crystallizing under
political influences into hatred and re-
venge. So that all political questions,
where there is a large body of negroes,
become race conflicts, are so discussed
and so voted upon. This conflict is
essentially a social controversy, and such
conflicts have attended the entire history
of English-speaking people. The In-
dian would not be a slave, and we drove
him out; the Chinaman we do not submit,
but becomes the rival of those who refuse
to admit him to the family circle, and we
refuse him admission to the country.There was no "irrepressible conflict be-
tween free and slave labor." The slave
cultivated in lines not touched by the
North. There was no competition be-
tween the two systems. Under them there
was no cause for social or political
rivalry, and neither was there friction be-
tween the laboring classes of the South.But distinctive race aversion existed,
that nothing could prevent or modify.
When this aversion was excited by ap-
prehensions of future social equality or union
of races under political pressure, it flamed
up into angry abhorrence and became a
settled antagonism. It was this antipathy
that put the Confederate army into the
field, incited, armed and clothed by it,
and fed by bread earned on the fields.The fathers had more faith in our obedi-
ence to the Constitution than we deserved.
The repression of the slave trade was, in
the beginning, resisted by North and South
States interested in its profits. So a com-
promise was written into the Constitution.
A second one followed regarding the ren-
dition of fugitive slaves, and a third made
three-fifths of the slave population a basis
for extra representation in Congress and
the electoral colleges. It was not too
much for the North to object to this basis
of representation for Southern property
while denied to Northern property. But
the South came in under that agreement
and it was not too much for it to insist
upon the keeping of the compact.The hope of the abolitionists as humani-
tarians and enthusiasts was that emancipa-
tion would cure the alleged conflict be-
tween free and slave labor, and qualify the
negro for unobstructed social intercourse
with the white race, and that political
equality would banish all aversion. The
negro ballot had had the contrary effect.
It has been used to inflict penalties on the
Southern people of resentment and race
animosity, and this has resulted in a union
of whites upon race lines for security in
the South, where the history of Hayti and
Jamaica has not been forgotten.The negro party in the South first
moved to secure race equality, social as
well as political, by compulsion of law.
The negro was flattered by the hope of be-
ing foisted upon white families. He does
not divide upon any political question, but
tests all things by this race issue, so that
a natural instinct and caste are the con-
trolling forces in the negro movement to-
day. The negro knows that not only in
the South is his political power opposed,
but also in the North. In the District of
Columbia all suffrage was stricken down
solely to disfranchise the negro, and in the
North he is practically excluded from of-
fice, State or Federal. Where such a rule
obtains where the negroes are very few,
it can be attributed to race aversion only.The conclusions then are that there is a
natural instinctive and ineradicable race
aversion and conflict; that the races can-
not be made homogeneous; that the ab-
horrence is natural which every white
woman feels against the union of her
daughter with a black man; that wealth,
character, acquirements, ability, do not
qualify or soften the sentiment. "Men
may yield to such considerations, or to
others of a baser sort; but the snows will
fall from heaven in sooty blackness sooner
than the white women of the United
States will consent to the maternity of
negro families." If the negroes, being
political equals of the whites, could be
absorbed into the race there would be no
obstacle to our harmonious and beneficent
association, but no laws can bring this
about.The voting power is the negro's reliance
for lifting himself to social union and
equality with the white race. The race
jealousy that power inflames has united
the white race on the color line wherever
the fear of negro domination obtains.
The danger of injecting into the voting
power, which is supposed to be representa-
tive of the family relation, a feeling of
race aversion or class hostility, is ob-
vious and ought to be avoided, since
the family is the real unit of our power in
free government. For while the families
are homogeneous the voters who represent
them will scarcely war upon their security
or prove disloyal to their best interests.
Hence the danger of confiding to negrovoters the representation of white families
in the ballot-box.So it is race difficulty that confronts the
negro and resists and obstructs his po-
litical power. Every day the jealousy in-
creases and the intolerance intensifies.
The fact is disclosed in churches, schools
and every industrial pursuit, for negro
labor, except the heaviest drudgery, is
constantly narrowing, and this is more
distinctly the result of race aversion than
the exclusion of the Chinese. The cure
is the separation of the races under dif-
ferent governments. Give the negro the op-
portunity for self-government and to the
white man an unobstructed course for the
accomplishment of his high destiny. The
feeling of unrest among the negroes which
now sweeps them in revolving eddies from
one State to another is a plain indication
that they are preparing for a general
exodus. This, says Senator Morgan, it
should be the office of the Government
and the people to aid, commend and ap-
plaud.Such are the views of a representative
Southern, who has more concisely and
strongly presented the Southern side of
the negro question than any political
light in recent months, and whose views
have been thus synthesized, that the read-
ing public may be the better informed
upon both sides of a question that is of
arguing importance and must be met,
discussed and settled by the American
people.

THE STATE EXPOSITION.

The approaching annual fair of the State
Agricultural Society promises to be one of
eminent success as a display. It is now
assured that the live stock competition
will be the closest and largest in the his-
tory of the Society. The exhibitions of
the past twenty years have been potential
in stimulating investments by fine stock
breeders, and that is now becoming true
of the RECORD-UNION long ago forecast
—that in the blue grass of California there
is more of wealth and progress and mat-
erial property than ever Kentucky, fortun-
ate as she has been, has found in the
famous blue grass regions of that State.If there were no other interest repre-
sented at the State exposition, that of
blood stock alone ought to draw an im-
mense assemblage of representative people.
But besides the splendid exhibition of
horns and stock and that of fine horses for
all service, we are to have a speed program-
me of unusual attractiveness and one that
brings to the front some of the very best
results of fine stock-breeding in California;
and that is creating a wonderfully fine and
broad supply market of horses for all parts
of the country and even for foreign parts.The assurance is given that the fine art
taste will find high gratification in the
Pavilion this year, and that the commer-
cial display will be commensurate with
the occasion. The pleasure-seeker is to be
addressed especially through the avenue of
the ear at this fair, and two of the finest
musical combinations of the Union are to
fill the concert programmes day and night.
One of these comes from New York under
special engagement, and is a monster con-
cert and military band, with a famous cor-
netist at its head.The county exhibits promise well, and
while the season for some fruits has not
been a very good one, it is known that the
victual and small fruit exhibition will be
very large. So that for stock-growers,
speed-men, farmers, art lovers, viticultur-
ists, musical connoisseurs, and the people
generally, there is to be ample attraction
and entertainment.No matter where the State Fair, or any
other State institution is located, it cannot
be wholly delocalized. The people of the
city containing a State institution are
naturally supposed to stand a little closer
to it. It is, therefore, well for Sacramen-
to to remember that their own liberality
in patronage of the fair at Park and Pa-
vilion greatly stimulates others in a like
direction. Our people should feel, and it
is entirely proper for them to do so, that
upon them, to a considerable extent, rests
the obligation to make the annual fairs of
the State successful. This, we believe, our
citizens fully appreciate, but at times they
are dilatory in carrying out their wishes.
This year let Sacramentans be early and
late in patronizing the State Exposition,
and giving its tireless Directors encourage-
ment.CHRISTOPHER POND became the nomi-
nee of his Convention only after making
his peace with Christopher Buckley, whose
malign influence has become so potential a
factor in San Francisco politics that he is,
to all intents and purposes, the power over
events and ambitions political in that city,
and enjoys a rule that reaches out and
touches and controls every official matter
and thing in that municipality, out of
which by any possibility money can be
made by a political boss, or by which his
power may be augmented.We have said that combination with
such a potentiality as that of Buckley is
utterly debasing. No matter what the
standing of the citizen, how high his origi-
nal purpose and how justifiable his ends,
he cannot touch such pitch and escape de-
filement. Whoever comes to terms with
such an influence barters his manhood, and
puts in pledge his independence. Mr.
Pond did this, and thereby lost all claim
for consideration as the real nominee of the
Democratic party.The Democratic papers do not tire of
pointing to what they claim to be the
economies effected in municipal government
by Mr. Pond. The San Francisco
Bulletin shows, however, that these claims
are not well founded. Taxation is in San
Francisco just where Mr. Pond found it,
and expenditure has not only not been
lessened, but greatly increased under him.The Chico *Chronicle-Record* attempts to
laugh off the charge that Buckley influ-
enced Mr. Pond. But there is the record
of the transaction. As the San Francisco
Bulletin well puts it, the earnestness with
which the Democratic press shout "unfair-
ness" is strong evidence that the charge
touches on the raw.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Woodland Democrat on Thursday
published an excellent report of the con-
ference of Supervisors in that town on
Wednesday, at which the mining debris
question was considered. It was taken
bodily from the RECORD-UNION—without
credit.

AUGUST WEATHER.

Signal Service Review for the Month Just
Past.The Signal Service Bureau, Division of
the Pacific, reports the following compar-
son from Pacific coast points for August:The month of August has been charac-
terized by a general deficiency of rainfall
and a general increase of temperature.
The rainfall has been decidedly above
the average in Southeastern California,
Southwestern Nevada and Southern Ariz-
ona, where destructive floods, storms and
thunder-storms have occurred. Pre-
cipitation has been below the normal at all
Signal Service Stations except Yuma,
Keeler, Fresno and Spokane Falls. The
increase at these stations ranges from trace
at Fresno to 1.61 inches at Keeler. The de-
ficiency ranges from .02 inches at San Fran-
cisco to .54 inches at Portland. Rain fell
on three days at San Diego, but in amounts
too small to measure. The rainfall at Sacra-
mento was trace, which is the normal
condition for the month. Red Bluff was
the only station reporting no rain during
the month. The heaviest rainfall, 1.71
inches, occurred at Keeler, and trace at San
Diego, Fresno, Sacramento and San Fran-
cisco.Local Storms.—On the 5th heavy rains
and high winds occurred in Southeastern
California and Southern Arizona. Red-
lands, Cal., 2.16 inches; Riverside, Cal., .55
inches; San Bernardino, rain for four hours
with heavy thunder-storm; Tucson, A. T.,
over 60 miles of railroad tracks washed
away. August 6th—First rain of season in
San Diego county, heavy in fruit districts
and mountains. At Palmdale, Nev., 3.60
inches reported as falling in one hour, and
on the 11th 8.80 inches in about two hours,
causing great damage to roads. August
10th—Thunder-storm at Yuma, San Benito
county, Cal. August 17th—Thunder-storm
at Ashland, Or., and heavy showers at
Shasta, Petaluma, Sonoma and San Fran-
cisco. August 19th—Los Angeles county,
heavy rain; damage to hay and dried fruit.
The temperature has been above the nor-
mal at all Signal Service stations. The in-
crease in range from one degree at
Yuma to eight degrees at Los Angeles and
Walla Walla. The highest temperature,
110°, occurred at Yuma on the 17th. The
lowest temperature, 36°, occurred at Baker
City on the 21st.The following is a summary of average
and normal temperatures and rainfall
values for selected stations:

STATIONS.	August rainfall.	Total for season.	Normal for season.	Normal for August.	Normal for July.
Olympia, Wash.	0.40	0.98	0.67	62	59
Port Canby, Wash.	0.53	2.19	0.89	59	58
Spokane Falls.	0.40	0.57	0.22	69	64
Walla Walla, Wash.	0.10	0.16	0.27	74	65
Portland, Or.	0.10	0.73	0.64	66	63
Roseburg, Or.	0.10	0.14	0.25	65	64
Baker City, Or.	0.12	0.12	0.12	96	88
Eureka, Cal.	0.00	0.08	0.63	56	56
Red Bluff, Cal.	0.00	0.00	0.63	59	78
Sacramento, Cal.	trace	trace	0.63	72	58
San Francisco, Cal.	0.02	0.06	0.62	61	56
Fresno, Cal.	trace	trace	0.69	69	71
Keeler, Cal.	1.71	1.81	0.10	70	65
Los Angeles, Cal.	0.02	0.02	0.16	73	65
San Diego, Cal.	0.08	0.12	0.12	73	68
Yuma, A. T.	0.80	0.80	0.45	89	88

JOHN P. FINLEY,
Lieutenant Signal Corps (in charge).

AN IMPORTANT MATTER.

Statistics in regard to Tropic and Semi-
Tropic Fruits and Nuts.The following communication from J. H.
Hale, Special Agent, and the accompany-
ing document from Robert P. Porter, Su-
perintendent of Census, will be found of
interest to all, especially those engaged in
the cultivation of fruits and nuts:
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
CENSUS OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 26, 1890.
SOUTH GLASTONBURY (Conn.), Aug. 26, 1890.
EDMUND A. STONE: Last fall when I
traveled all over your beautiful State with
the National Orange party I told you that I
should like to see you in my own country, and
you have been so busy that I have not had
time to write you, but having been appointed
to the Tenth Census of the United States
for investigation of "tropic and semi-tropic
fruits and nuts," I find that my
travels have been very profitable, and I
may not be able to visit every section of
the country where some one or all of these
products are grown, I shall, so far as possible, visit all
leading centers, and to meet a goodly
number of your leading and most intelligent
cultivators, to the end that the final report
of the Tenth Census will be a true and
thorough light. Schedules like the enclosed
will very shortly be sent to every producer
in the State, and will note that some from at-
tempting to show what you are now cultivating,
Superintendent Porter proposes to show what
you are growing, and to see that you are
not doing so. This information is fully furnished
in the end prove to be of vast commercial value
to you, and if you feel inclined to do so, I
wish you would call attention to the matter in
work in the north central part of State and during early
part of October. Letters will reach me if sent
to the State Horticultural Society, San Fran-
cisco. Very respectfully,
J. H. HALE,
Special Agent.DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
CENSUS OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30, 1890.
J. H. Hale of South Glastonbury, Connecticut,
has been appointed in compliance with law,
as Special Agent of the Census Office for the col-
lection of statistics of semi-tropic fruits and
nuts, under the supervision of the special agent
in charge of agriculture.The special agent thus appointed has all the
authority of a census enumerator under the Act
of March 1, 1889, and is empowered to conduct
in his own name correspondence relating to the
industry.It is the purpose of the office to bring out
a full and reliable statement of the present status
of this important branch of agriculture. To
this end the superintendent desires the co-
operation of all concerned therein. As the col-
lection of statistics relating to semi-tropic fruits
and nuts is undertaken for the first time as a
part of the census, it is important that the sta-
tistics obtained shall be as close to facts as pos-
sible, avoiding in all cases careless estimates.
Producers and others are hereby assured that
their answers to the questions within will be
held strictly confidential, and will not be dis-
closed to any unauthorized person whatsoever.
Special agents and enumerators are sworn
officers of the Government, and severe penalties
are imposed by law for a violation of their obli-
gations.The data will not be used by this office as the
basis of any system of taxation, or in any way
that will result in the increase of prices.
No publication will be made in the census re-
ports which will disclose the names or opera-
tions of individuals.
The Superintendent, while acknowledging
obligations to and dependence upon the pro-
ducer of semi-tropic fruits and nuts in advance,
desires to impress upon all that the time and
labor devoted to this undertaking is especially
in their own interest, and on the completeness
of the work may depend much of the future
progress of the industry of agriculture.
A prompt and careful filling out of the blanks
and their return in the enclosed envelope,
with no return of postage, is solicited. Very
respectfully,
ROBERT P. PORTER,
Superintendent of Census.Approved:
JOHN W. NOBLE, Secretary of the Interior.

CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.

A Grand Picnic to be Held in Chicago
Next Week.From the following circular it appears
that the California Pioneers now residents
of Chicago are going to have a grand time
on Admission Day:WESTERN ASSOCIATION CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.
"OLD PARD." The anniversary of the admis-
sion of California into the Union, September 9,
1850, is of just importance to every Californian,
whether a resident of California at that time or subse-
quently. It is therefore proposed that we meet
and make it a grand day for all Californians.
The season of the year will be propitious—not
too cold, but not so warm but that the old miner's
dig will be comfortable, if not fitting as well as
the day will afford opportunity for a gather-
ing of the men who aided in making possi-
ble and necessary the addition of the Golden
State to the already grand galaxy—the men
who made possible and necessary the con-
struction of the Pacific railroads.
We are proud of what we did in doing, and
this is just what we propose to talk about.
In order that the days of packing and pro-
specting and cooking our own "rags" and
our own washing may be lived over again,
it is proposed that we bring our "rags" and
make of them a grand picnic, and make of
the Western Association an invitation to all old
Californians in the West to be present, and
only talk over old times, but of what we are
going to do to further the interests of the
Golden State, and to make of the day a grand
day for all Californians, and to make of the
day a grand day for all Californians, and to
make of the day a grand day for all Californians.
We hope to see every old Californian present,
and please don't forget, but bring your family
with you. J. W. NOBLE, President.
CHAS. P. JACKSON, Secretary.

NEW TO-DAY.

Advertisements of Moving Notices, Wines, Lost
Found, for Sale, To Let and similar notices under
this head are inserted for 5 cents per line the first
time and 3 cents per line each subsequent time. All
notices of this character will be found under this
heading.Sunset Parlor, No. 26, N. & G. W. Mem-
bers who attend the celebration of Admission
Day will leave on the 5:30 train SUNDAY, Sep-
tember 7th, will be received by Stanford Parlor
arriving at San Francisco. Members going
before stated time will be notified by a Ferry on
arrival of the Parlor.Members of Sacramento Pioneer Society
are requested to meet at the hall of the Califor-
nia Pioneer, Sacramento, TUESDAY, Sep-
tember 9th, at 9:30 A. M. sharp.
A. LOGAN, Marshal.The Stated Assembly of Sacra-
mento Commandery, No. 2, Knights
Templar, will be held at the Asylum
THURSDAY EVENING, Sept. 6th,
at 8 o'clock. Subordinate Sir Knights
are courteously invited to attend.LOST—THURSDAY EVENING AT THE CON-
JURY, a child's crocheted Afghan. Please re-
turn to T. H. COOK & CO.'S store, 393 K st. 10
cents reward.TO RENT—A LARGE FURNISHED ROOM
at 317 F street.TO RENT—A NEW FLAT OF FIVE ROOMS
will be for rent on the 15th of this month,
No. 1315 J street. Apply at 1313 G street. 65-34TO LET—DURING FAIR TIME, A SMALL
parlor with double bed. Call at 514 Eleventh
street.FOR RENT—A COTTAGE HOUSE OF THREE
rooms, 312 Twelfth street. Inquire near
corner of alley. 65-24FOR SALE—A HOUSE AND LOT, SITUATED
on 8th street, between Tenth and Eleventh,
opposite State Capitol. Inquire in rear. 65-74HOTEL FOR SALE—ONE OF THE OLDEST
and most popular hotels in this city, which
includes a large and commodious building,
located in the best part of the city, and
is offered for sale, as the owner has
other business to attend to. For further partic-
ulars apply at the office of the agent.FOR SALE—A HOUSE—\$710 MATTHEW
Piano, nearly new. Also, one spotted horse,
7 years old, a cart, harness, saddle and bridle;
horse resins, any market woman. Please re-
turn or drive it; single footers under saddle; must
be sold at once. Apply at 602 I street. 65-24

WANTED—LOST—FOUND.

WANTED—A GOOD, STEADY GIRL. Ap-
ply at 1230 P street. 65-24WANTED—ONE OR TWO CHILDREN TO
board; good home; will have a mother's
care. Inquire at 1118 J street.WANTED—AN INTELLIGENT AND RELI-
able girl to act as day clerk in the Sacra-
mento District Telegraph Office, 405 J street. C.
F. FISKE.WANTED—A BOY ABOUT 16 YEARS OF
age, with a fair education, for position of
night clerk. Apply to C. A. FISK, 405 J st. 65-24WANTED—A SITUATION, BY A YOUNG
woman (Japanese), to take care of chil-
dren and to do chamber work; is young and
active; in a private and well-to-do family. Ad-
dress "MILAN," this office. 65-24WANTED—EXPERIENCED MAKERS AND
trimmers in millinery department; also,
a first class saleswoman. Apply to C. H. GILMAN,
Red House. 65-34WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS FANCY GOODS
man. Apply to C. H. GILMAN, Red
House. 65-34WANTED—A GIRL TO ASSIST IN DOING
general housework. Inquire at this
office. 65-24WANTED—BY A COLORED MAN JUST
from New England, a situation as cook in
private family or to do housework; city or
country. Address B. M., this office.WANTED—TWO STRONG BOYS AT THE
UNION GARDENS, Twentieth and O
streets, to set up ten-pins; will pay 25 cents an
hour. 65-24PARTIES WANTING MONEY ON THEIR
city and country property address P. O.
BOX 98, Sacramento. Plenty of money. 65-14WANTED—MEN FOR FARMS, VINEYARDS,
dairies and all kinds of labor. Women
and girls for cooking and general housework.
Plenty of work for desirable help. Apply at
EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth St., K and L.\$75 TO \$250 A MONTH CAN BE MADE
working for us. Persons per-
mitted who can furnish a horse and give their
whole time to the business, and at moments
may

WARNER FAILED TO SHOW UP.

HE COMPLAINING WITNESS IN THE GAMBLING CASES SKIPS. Judge Armstrong Dismisses the Charges Against Patrick—What Leitch and Cane Have to Say.

In Judge Armstrong's Court yesterday the three cases against Charles Patrick, for gaming, were called for trial. District Attorney Bruner said the prosecution was not ready to proceed with the trial of the cases, owing to the absence of the chief witness, Neil Warner. Warner, it will be remembered, is the individual on whose testimony the defendant was held to answer in the Police Court, he testifying to having visited a faro game at Third and K streets, at which Patrick was the dealer, and lost money thereat.

Mr. Bruner said it was impossible to go to trial, with any hope of success, unless Warner's presence as a witness could be procured. True, the Grand Jury had investigated the matter, and although Warner was a witness before that body, it had ignored the charges and refused to indict the defendant. Information had, however, been filed against Patrick by himself on the strength of the action of the Police Court in holding Patrick to answer, and he would be ready to proceed with the prosecution if Warner could be found.

Charles T. Jones, counsel for Patrick, confidently informed the Court that the defense was ready to proceed. He questioned the right of the District Attorney in filing information against Patrick after the Grand Jury had indicted the charges and refused to bring indictments against the accused. The arrest of Mr. Patrick was caused by private parties, based upon the allegations of one Warner, who would come to prosecute. If the alleged offenses were of a different character he (Jones) believed the District Attorney would promptly admit his inability to procure conviction, and would ask for a dismissal of the charges.

Mr. Jones further held that the testimony taken in the Police Court, and on the strength of which the defendant was held to answer, was insufficient to warrant such a result, as was shown by the subsequent action of the Grand Jury in ignoring the charges. He concluded his remarks by asking the Court to dismiss the cases.

Judge Armstrong said he could not dismiss the cases. The District Attorney was without the chief witness for the prosecution, it was true, but the evidence had come up again. He was, however, under the impression that the District Attorney had no authority for filing informations after the Grand Jury had investigated and ignored the charges. However, he would continue the cases and inquire into the matter.

During the afternoon session Mr. Jones renewed his motion for a dismissal of the cases, and Judge Armstrong, who had in the meantime inquired into the matter, granted the motion.

MR. LEITCH HAS A SAY.

He Denies Having Paid Detective Cane for His Performance.

ENS. RECORD-UNION: In looking over your paper this morning my eyes fell upon an item headed "Leitch in the Cold," and in reading I find it to be a statement from W. W. Cane, the private detective. Now, in his statement to your reporter he is represented to have said that he was engaged by the Law and Order League. Being the only one that took a prominent part in the gambling cases, that we have heard so much about lately, I would like to say here that the Law and Order League had nothing to do about it. It was all arranged by private parties, and Mr. Cane and a few others (not Law and Order men), asked me to allow them to use the name. After consulting a few of the members, and receiving their sanction, we allowed them to do so, but we didn't pay them a cent, nor any other sum. Neither did we pay, or agree to pay anything. Mr. Cane has never asked me for any money, but on the contrary, has told me that he had been paid, and also that he had been paid by the Law and Order League.

The Law and Order League are not paupers, but are all millionaires—figuring principle by dollars and cents—and they would like to pay just as they would like to pay. I, as Chief of Police, if he will identify himself with the Law and Order League, we will not ask him to leave his office, but lend us his name and power, by law, and we promise to close all gambling, of whatever kind, and in what the people of this city will consider double-quick time. Very respectfully, E. M. LEITCH.

MORE OF IT.

One Reiterates that the Law and Order League Employed Him.

W. W. Cane was seen last evening in reference to the statements contained in a published card yesterday signed by Mr. Leitch. He said he was surprised at Mr. Leitch's denial that the Law and Order League was at the bottom of the prosecutions, especially since Mr. Leitch had testified in Court that such was the case. Leitch and others, Cane says, instructed himself and the other witnesses to testify that the Law and Order League had employed them. Leitch himself swore to the first complaint against the gamblers, but it did not hold, as he did not know the facts. Mr. Cane says he called on Mr. Leitch last evening and told him that he believed he was in Court or that his published statement in the *Record* was false. Leitch said he was excited when he wrote it, and that what Cane said was true.

In conclusion, Cane said that all the money received by him for work in the gambling cases was received for the Law and Order League. "All that remains of the League now," he says, "is Mr. Leitch and his mouth," and that the organization disbanded all of nine months ago.

THE OPPENHEIM ESTATE.

Application for Probate of the Will—An Original Document.

Mrs. Louisa A. Oppenheim, widow of the late Raphael Oppenheim, has filed in the superior Court a petition to be appointed executrix of the estate of deceased, in accordance with the provisions of his will. The hearing of the petition and for the probate of the will was set for next Friday, the 12th inst.

The latter instrument is a brief and novel production. It is dated June 20, 1890, was written by the deceased, and evidently without much suggestion by lawyers; still, it is clearly enough worded, and conveys the writer's wishes in a way that cannot be misunderstood. In the first place, deceased declares that he does not owe any person a cent, except that there may be a promissory note extant with his signature, and if so, it must be in the hands of D. O. Mills & Co. If such a note be out he wanted it paid within ten days after his funeral.

Deceased bequeaths the sum of \$1,000 to his physician, Dr. W. E. Cluness, and a like sum to his dear friend, C. T. Wheeler. The balance of his estate he bequeaths to his three children, Mrs. Carrie Thompson, Philip and Emanuel Oppenheim.

The will states that everything was left in good shape, and provides that deceased's "dear, dear, dear wife" shall administer the estate, without bonds. One statement in the will is to the effect that, in the author's opinion, there was no necessity for any probate proceedings and the absorption of a large portion of the estate by Court and lawyers' fees, but the writer added, philosophically, "but if it must be so, it must." The value of the estate is not estimated in the will, nor in the petitioner's application for letters. Johnson, Johnson & Johnson are the petitioner's attorneys.

STATE LIBRARY.

To be Closed for Four Days—Meeting Postponed.

The elegant new carpet for the State Library has arrived and is now being put

down. On account of the noise and confusion created in the work, State Librarian Perkins has decided to close the library to visitors to-day, to-morrow, Monday and Tuesday.

The meeting of the Board of Trustees of the State Library, which was to have been held at 4 o'clock this afternoon, has been postponed until Monday next at 1 p. m., on account of the inability of Trustee Strother to leave his business in San Francisco.

SPECIAL POLICEMEN.

The Police Commissioners Select Ten Men for Two Weeks' Service.

The Police Commissioners met yesterday morning and selected the following ten men to act as special officers during the State Fair: Matt Karcher, M. Morelli, Frank Fredericks, John Stafford, Morris W. Davis, M. Eldred, A. Agner, J. Fitzgerald, John Flynn and George Karcher.

The Mayor introduced the following resolution, and it was adopted unanimously: Resolved, That the officers of the police force, both regular and special, are directed to make special endeavors to suppress gambling during the State Fair, and to prosecute all violations of the law in that regard.

Chief Drew stated that unless Captain Lee would soon recover from his illness, somewhat would have to be appointed to act as temporary Captain.

The Mayor thought so, too, and suggested that officer Frazer be selected for the position.

Judge Buckley said his choice was Matt Karcher, but he was willing that the matter of appointment be left in the hands of Chief Drew.

Mayor Comstock said he had his preference, but was satisfied to let the matter rest in the hands of the Chief of Police.

Chief Drew said that probably he would name Captain Lee, but in case he was finally selected, and a contract was entered into between him and the Supervisors which he is to sell to the Overseer of that road district all the earth required at 5 cents per cubic yard.

THE CAMPAIGN.

Plans Therefor Discussed and Arranged by the Republicans.

There was a conference last evening between members of the Republican County Central Committee and candidates to arrange certain details of the plan of campaign. A committee of candidates was appointed to prepare a list of meetings to be held outside the city.

A regular meeting of the committee on Tuesday evening of each week. It was announced that the old Pavilion, at Sixth and M streets, had been secured in which to hold political meetings during the campaign.

The Central Committee decided to take charge of all city meetings, and candidates are not expected to be assessed for the expenses of any meeting not sanctioned or called by the committee.

Some other business was transacted looking to the procurement of a full registration of voters.

Startsman Held to Answer.

Edward Startsman was yesterday held to answer by Judge Buckley on a charge of criminal assault upon Florence Butterfield, a child 11 years of age, and his bail was fixed at \$5,000. The examination was held with closed doors, and the taking of testimony lasted two hours.

After the prosecution had made out a clear case against the defendant, the latter virtually admitted his guilt. Startsman took the matter very coolly. It is a pity that he was not killed by the Chinamen in the fight which he started at the Cosmopolitan some weeks ago, instead of Walter Peterson.

On motion of Mr. Steinbauer, proprietor of the New William Tell Hotel, testified in the case was untrue. Mr. Steinbauer was in San Francisco yesterday.

Departure of Native Sons.

Sunset Parlor, N. S. G. W., of this city, will leave to-morrow afternoon on the 3:05 train for San Francisco, to take part in the grand celebration to be held there. At the bay they will be the guests of Stanford Parlor, whose headquarters are at Saratoga Hall. Sunset Parlor has extended an invitation to California Parlor to join them at Saratoga Hall, and assist in receiving friends. Those members of the Parlor who go down before to-morrow are expected to be at the Market-street ferries to meet the Parlor on its arrival.

Seidler Duly Installed.

James A. Seidler yesterday received from the Government Supervising Architect at Washington official notice of his appointment as Superintendent of Construction of the proposed new Government building here.

Mr. Seidler is fully alive to the necessity for an early commencement of work on the building, realizing that the foundation must be laid, or nearly so, before the winter rains come on. As soon as the Government lets the contract the work will be pushed vigorously.

Timely Warning.

A correspondent at Florin writes as follows: "A wagon-load of hoodlums came out from Sacramento on Wednesday evening and raided our vineyards near Florin. They covered the road with grapes for half a mile. Now, if they will come out in daylight, we will give them all they want to eat, but if they come in the night again, we will draw an instantaneous camera on them. There is a warrant out for them, and, if caught, they will pay dear for the whistle."

What is It?

When Justice of the Peace Henry returned from his lunch yesterday he found the following "note under his door" addressed to him. The writing is evidently that of a German, but just what the author was driving at the Judge is at a loss to conjecture. He says he will give a handsome prize to anyone who will satisfactorily translate the epistle. It reads:

Honor Jui, plus Kil dat men hirsch Hu Warks for Samuilein III. nax Cui. Tu. Kes from di old tieren anent Ton and C. * * *

He Was Fleet of Foot.

Colonel McNasser's saddle-horse broke loose from where he was hitched, on Twelfth street, between N and O, yesterday and was dashed off at a lively pace past the Colonel, a block away, who, forgetting his horse, ran out and caught the animal by the bridle and stopped him. Several persons who witnessed the incident expressed the opinion that the Colonel took desperate chances, and was fortunate in escaping serious injury.

To Join the Convict Gang.

Judge Armstrong yesterday imposed a sentence of five years at Folsom on George Cornell, the youth who burglarized Sherburne's auction house recently. The prisoner was arrested at Truckee, while selling the proceeds of his rascality. He pleaded guilty.

His jail companion, John Landers, who burglarized Mrs. B. S. Parker's place at 312 J street, and who also pleaded guilty, was given four years at the same place.

Police Court Cases.

In the Police Court yesterday the charge of embezzlement against Chin Chung was dismissed.

David Miller was ordered to jail for fifteen days for petit larceny. The examination of Charles De Merviel for embezzlement was set for September 23d.

The battery charge against John Pendergast was dismissed on the filing of a stipulation of satisfaction.

All About a Dog.

Albert Erwin was arraigned in the Police Court yesterday on a charge of petit larceny, preferred by Charles Yates. The latter claimed that Erwin stole his Scotch terrier, which he considered worth \$50. Erwin pleaded not guilty, and his trial was set for Friday next.

Yates then stood up to answer to a charge of battery. His case was also continued until Friday.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

THEY WIND UP THEIR BUSINESS FOR THE MONTH.

Arrangements Made for Improving the Pocket Road—Indemnity for the Hicksville Grade Disaster.

The Supervisors did not accomplish much at their forenoon session yesterday, Messrs. Ross, Bates and Tebbets went down in the morning to examine the lane that leads from the Riverside road to the Freeport road below the "Pocket." This strip of road is very bad in winter and always has been. Messrs. Goeling, Baumgartner and others, living in that vicinity, had petitioned the Board to purchase land from Mr. Coleman for the purpose of widening and improving the grade, which runs through a piece of low, swampy ground, and the members referred to went down to see what arrangements could be made.

They found that Mr. Coleman did not want to sell any of his land alongside the road, but he expressed a willingness to sell to the county sufficient material from the high banks at either end of the road, where it is proposed to improve it, for that purpose.

The Supervisors returned to the city and several of the residents attended at the afternoon session of the Board, when the matter came up for consideration.

Mr. Coleman's proposition was finally accepted, and a contract was entered into between him and the Supervisors by which he is to sell to the Overseer of that road district all the earth required at 5 cents per cubic yard.

STATE BOARD OF TRADE.

A communication was received from the State Board of Trade containing a demand for two months' dues (\$30) from the county as a member of that body.

It was shown by the minutes of the Board that the dues for one of the months referred to had been forwarded, but in some way had been overlooked by the State Board's Secretary. The demand was therefore reduced to \$15 and allowed.

REMBURSEMENT ASKED.

The following communication was received and read:

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Sacramento County—Gentlemen: Your petitioner respectfully presents to you a bill for \$200,000,000, asking that you give it due and considerate consideration. On the 1st of last May, as you all know, my son came to his death from causes beyond the power of man to prevent. I am now a poor old man, and I am asking you to make sufficient provision to assist him in placing a suitable monument to the memory of my son.

I would ask that this allowance be made in part for the loss of a horse killed at the same time, valued by me at \$150; the money, if to be allowed by you, to be as above indicated.

CONCERNING BRIDGES.

The communication was placed on file for future action by the Board. The young man, Frank Walton, who was drowned near the Hicksville grade last spring.

J. H. Heuston, Overseer of Road District No. 20, represented to the Board that a new twenty-four-foot bridge or culvert was required over a road on the Mokelumne river, and he was instructed to replace the old structure with a new one.

On motion of Mr. Tebbets, the Committee on Roads and Bridges were instructed to inspect the Twelfth-street trestle and have any necessary repairs made thereon.

ASPHALT AS A PRESERVATIVE.

George Smith, Superintendent of the Ventura Asphalt Company, stated to the Board a proposition to lay the bridge of the county, or some of them, coated with asphalt. He claimed that it would preserve the timbers for many years from the corroding effects of the elements, and if placed on the roadbed would prevent the wear of the planks.

The proposition was referred to the Committee on Roads and Bridges, with power to act in the matter if they should deem it advisable.

After transacting some minor routine business, the Board adjourned.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

They Give a Fine Entertainment at the Pythian Castle.

Sacramento Lodge, No. 203, Independent Order of Good Templars, gave a musical and literary entertainment at Pythian Castle last evening that eclipsed anything of the kind which the order has attempted for some time. The entertainment was given in the concert hall in the basement of the castle, and there was an exceptionally large number of people present. Some of the numbers on the programme were of high merit, and all were enthusiastically received.

At the conclusion of the exercises those present repaired to the banquet hall on the upper floor, where ice cream, cake and fruit were served without stint.

The programme was as follows: Opening ode by the Lodge; prayer by the Chaplain, Mrs. Monaghan; song, "Maid of the Mill," by Miss Plummer; recitation, "Our Summer Boarders," by Miss Elsie Schubert; song, "That is Love," by Van Wilbur; recitation, "Jennie Brown's Sister's Wedding," by Miss Belle Stargel; vocal solo, "Birdie Darling," by Katie Hembree; recitation, "Entertaining Her Sister's Board," by Alice Kelber; vocal solo (selected), by Miss May Hembree; recitation, "America's Conversion," by Miss Cross; duet, "Life's Dream is Over," by Mrs. Covel and Mrs. Plummer; recitation, "Jubilee Singers," by George Purnell; recitation, "The Rum Maniac," by Miss Talbot Condon; instrumental solo, "Tarentillo," by Alonzo Williams; recitation, "Misan E. Wing," by Ernest Ernst; reading, Miss Pedlar.

A LUNATIC'S FREAK.

He Gives Deputy Sheriff Beckley and Egan a Lively Tussle.

Quite an exciting scene was witnessed by people at the depot yesterday afternoon just previous to the departure of the local train for San Francisco. Deputy Sheriff Beckley was sitting in one of the coaches with an insane man named Walter Johnson, who had been committed to the asylum, when all of a sudden the lunatic jumped up and commenced running along on top of the seats in the car. His arms were strapped to his sides, but he found little difficulty in making rapid progress over the top of the seats to the back of the car. He then darted out the door and ran up the stairs to the platform to the ground. At the same instant the Southern express train entered the depot, and the madman commenced a race with the express train. Deputy Sheriff Beckley was standing near by, and he at once recognized Johnson and made a break for him. He had about caught up with the lunatic when the latter, seeing his predicament, boldly upon the steps of one of the cars of the train, which was in motion. He would have fallen backward again had not one of the trainmen grabbed him by the collar and held him until the officers arrived.

MONGOLIAN BLOOD.

It Flowed Freely in an Optum Den on I Street Last Night.

About half-past 10 o'clock last night officer Campbell heard a commotion in Chinatown, and hastened to Fourth and I streets, where he found Ah Cheung bleeding from cuts on his face and hands. The gory Mongolian led the way to Ah Kee's place, where he pointed out the latter as one of the three who had beaten and robbed him.

The officer arrested Ah Kee and took him to the police station. Before his prisoner had been placed in a cell another Chinaman came in and demanded that Cheung be locked up. He was identified by the latter as another of his assailants, and was placed under lock and key.

Ah Cheung said he was the proprietor of

a washhouse at Sixth and M streets; that Ah Kee, who runs a "smoke-house," owed him \$50, and that he went there to collect the money; that Kee, his brother and another Chinaman assaulted him with opium pipes, and not only beat but robbed him of \$31.50.

The officers concluded to lock him up also for the night, as there was a mob of chattering Mongolians outside who seemed to be friends of the Ah Kee crowd, and it was deemed unsafe to let the other man go out.

A white youth said he saw the assault on Cheung, and that there were three Chinamen beating him.

THE ASSESSOR'S OFFICE.

Mr. Frost Does Some Effective Talking to the Supervisors.

Something was said at the session of the Board of Supervisors on Thursday which led Assessor Frost to believe that the Board intended to leave his office without a deputy for the remainder of the term. Therefore, when Mr. Frost presented himself before that august body yesterday and informed the members thereof that he had something on his mind and desired their attention, he was not in his most amiable mood.

He called the attention of the Board to a few facts and figures which he had gathered from the records of his own office and that of the Auditor, which bore him out in the statement that the Assessor's office had cost the county less under his administration than ever before. He said he failed to understand what motive could have actuated any member of the Board in hinting at a possible raid on his solitary department, while all the other departments of the county government had from one to half a dozen.

There were some who pleaded that the most economical administration of the Assessor's office prior to his incumbency was that of his worthy predecessor, J. T. Griffith, and that the latter required all the help given him.

Mr. Frost told the Board that the expense of his (Frost's) term and that of any other Assessor, he preferred to use the figures of Mr. Griffith's term, the lowest of which was \$1,000.00 for the first year, \$7,427.02 for the second year, Griffith \$8,939.92, Frost \$8,612.30; third year, Griffith \$10,251.15, Frost \$8,021.85; fourth year, Griffith \$8,784.55, Frost \$7,745.45.

There were some who included in his own figures, Mr. Frost said, which were really not paid out by the county, such as special property tax collections on a percentage, registration, cost of stamps, but these were included.

He further stated that, since he came into office, many large tracts of land, such as Highland Park, Oak Park, etc., formerly owned by the State, had been divided up and now contained several hundred residents. There are now 700 more taxpayers enrolled than when he took his office, and the third year has increased from \$22,000,000 to \$32,000,000. All the additional work involved had been done by long hours of labor in his office, when other departments had closed and their employees were in bed.

His office is now engaged in registering voters. Those who are registered by special outside deputies come to his office and are placed on the list, and he placed in proper shape for the registry clerks, and yet it was proposed to take away his only deputy. He had laid the facts before the Board, but thought he should be allowed to retain one deputy for the remainder of the year.

W. W. Coons substantiated all that Mr. Frost had said, and added some pungent remarks of his own.

Supervisor Greer said he for one was in favor of allowing Mr. Frost a clerk at least until the registration of voters closes. He said that he would be glad to see the list of voters' names sent in by the deputies outside, who paid 15 cents per name. This work should be well and thoroughly done, that no voter might be disfranchised.

Other members of the Board expressed themselves in the same vein, and Mr. Frost retired with the assurance that his deputy would not be molested—for the present, at least.

AH WOO'S ASSAULT.

Chin Cho Kim on Trial for Carving Ah

Department One of the Superior Court is engaged in the trial of the case of the People against Chin Cho Kim, who is charged with having committed a murderous assault upon one Ah Woo, in April last, on Grand Island.

The defendant was arrested some weeks ago in Los Angeles on information furnished by another Chinaman with whom he had some trouble. In a moment of thoughtlessness he had confined to the fact that he had cut a man's throat, and when they fell out his companion "gave him away."

The prosecution is represented by Charles N. Post, and the prisoner is defended by Henry Starr. Considerable testimony was taken yesterday, but the case will hardly get to the jury before this afternoon. There were a great many Chinamen present yesterday, mostly friends of the prosecuting witness, but some of them are in sympathy with the prisoner.

BRIEF NOTES.

The river marked 11 feet 8 inches yesterday.

The westbound overland train, due here early yesterday morning, was three hours late in consequence of delay on the Union Pacific road.

All are invited to the introductory service by Rev. J. B. Silcox, which will be held in the Congregational Church at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. to-morrow.

Yesterday morning a young man got off one of the O street cars at the depot and was immediately seized with an epileptic fit. The attack was severe and prolonged.

Two young lads were brought here yesterday by railroad detective Brissell. They are charged with having stolen articles from the railroad wreck near the Summit.

In Judge Armstrong's Court yesterday the sentence of Peter Phillips, who pleaded guilty on the preceding day to having stolen Dr. White's horse, was continued one week.

Constable Martin informed a Record-Union reporter last night that he would be willing to do with the proposed special Constable business. Some of his bondsmen advised him to keep out of that muddle.

A horse ran off with a buggy yesterday on Second street, turned up K and collided with a hack, and then ran through Third to I, where it was stopped. The top of the buggy was smashed by the collision with the hack.

Electric Road Petitions.

For the convenience of all citizens who wish to add their names to those who are urging the granting of the electric railroad franchise to J. H. Henry, petitions to that effect have been left at H. S. Crocker & Co., J street, between Second and Third; Tufts drug store, Tenth and J streets; Weber & Co., L street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth, and at Hammer's drug store, Fourth and K streets.

Every citizen who wants to see the city prosper and get out of the old rut should sign his name to one of these petitions.

Auction To-Day.

Bell & Co. announce a great sale at 10 a. m. to-day at their salerooms, 1009-11 J street, of furniture, horses, harness, buggies, etc. Among the articles to be sold is an elegant Behr Bros. upright piano, several new and choice parlor sets, bedroom sets, mattresses and other household goods; also, the furniture of three residences.

To-day, Real Bargains.

Do not fail to read our ad. at Red House. Do not fail to see show window.

DRINK CUTTER WHISKY at Gastman's, 516 K street, to gain strength and health.

A house in Georgetown, D. C., has just been shingled for the first time since 1803, and the carpenter says he has found saved shingles that had been laid within ten years, in much worse condition than the shaved-pine shingles, which had been in wear eighty seven years.

SEE-SAWING.

THE SACRAMENTOS HALT IN THEIR DOWNWARD COURSE.

The San Franciscos Were "Off" in the Field—Stockton Wakes Up and Beats Oakland.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 5th.—The San Franciscos, by their bad playing at Emeryville, forced a game on the Senators this afternoon.

They had the game several times, but would not take it. Lookabaugh and Hoffman both pitched good ball, but the San Franciscos' field work was miserable. Following is the official score:

SAN FRANCISCO.	T. R. H. R. S. P. O. A. E.
Shaw, 2d b.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Hartley, c.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Veatch, 1st b.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Stevens, r. f.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Bright, 3d b.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Levy, i. f.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Everett, s.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Spect, c.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Lookabaugh, p.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Totals.	0 0 0 0

THE STRANGER FROM AMERICA.

The bay of Corunna was lying blue and placid in the afternoon sun. The polished cannon of the two old forts caught the sunbeams and glistened in peaceful splendor, and the great glass windows in the Tower of Hercules, the tall lighthouse which lights the harbor, caught them, too, and shone as if the lamps were all ablaze.

A ship was swinging with the tide in the offing. The sailors were climbing up and down the masts, unfurling the sails and preparing for departure. The pier was crowded with men, women and children, and small boats were plying back and forth, carrying the passengers on board. The crowd was composed of the poorer classes, who, lacking means to farm their native land, were bound for South America in search of fortune.

There were a few sorrowful leave-takings. Anxious looks were cast toward the vessel which was to bear its living freight across the sea, as if it could tell the secrets of the tempestuous waves which awaited it between heaven and hell. Men and women were weeping, and children were crying, and as each boatload departed, crying the emigrants and the chests containing their scanty possessions a wall arose from those who were to remain behind.

Antonio, an old sailor, who had been ordered by the Captain to remain on the pier until the last emigrant was aboard, to see that no children and no packages were left behind in the general confusion, had declared that he would rather face a dozen Java pirates than such an army of weeping women.

"Come, good people, this is no time for ceremony," he called briskly, "hurry into the boats and get on board."

He stopped and turned away his head to avoid the sight of a mother who was clinging to her son and saying good-bye for the hundredth time.

"Come, my good woman, let him go. The Madonna will protect him," he said.

"This way, my dear," addressing a pretty girl—"Buenos Ayres will be better than ever if you are going to live there. Come, into the boat quick, all of you. Hello! my son, what is the matter with you? Have you lost your chest?"

"I haven't any," replied a boy, who stood holding a small bundle tied up in a red cotton handkerchief.

"Where are your folks—your father and mother?"

"There is nobody belonging to me," said the boy.

His voice was so weary and his whole appearance so utterly forlorn and hopeless that the sailor looked at him sharply.

"My eyes! if my heart was not as hard as a coconut I should pity you," he exclaimed. "Into the boat with you, and shame, I say, upon those who send so young a lad off into the world alone."

The good sailor was too much of a diplomatist to express his opinion of the boy's chances for success in the strange world beyond the sea, but he added:

"Jump into the boat quick, and if any one on board teases you, just remember that my name is Antonio, do you hear? If you get into trouble and do not come to me, by Heaven! I'll catch you and beat you black and blue. Hello, baby, what are you doing here? I don't suppose you have the time—the good fortune to sail with us," he continued, addressing a lovely little girl of about six years, who was holding the boy's hand and crying bitterly.

The child did not answer, and he turned again to the boy.

"Who is this little girl? And what is your name, boy?" he asked.

"They call me Jose Benito," said the boy.

"That is a good name. But the baby, who is she?"

"She is Maria."

"That is a good name, too. Is she going on board, or does she stay ashore?"

"She stays ashore. Yes, sir," said Jose Benito, his voice breaking with sobs as he looked down at the child, who was still clinging to his hand.

"Who are you, little girl?" asked the sailor kindly.

"I am Maria," she said.

Under his rough exterior Antonio carried the tender heart of a child. Although he swore valiantly at the crowd of weeping women, he pitied every single one of them, and the passionate sobs of the little girl came near making him cry as he had not cried since the day, years before, when he left the paternal cottage to begin the life of a sailor of the sea.

Maria was a lovely child. Her large brown eyes, glistening with tears, looked up imploringly into the sailor's face. She clung with all her strength to the boy's hand, and as Antonio tried gently to draw her away she hid herself at his feet and clasping her little hands, begged him not to separate her from Jose Benito.

Here was a nice situation. The passengers, with the exception of the boy, were all on board, and the last boat was waiting for Antonio. He could hear the creaking of the chain as the sailors weighed anchor. There was not a moment to lose, and still Maria clung to him with all the frenzy of childish grief. Put her away roughly he could not.

"You must kiss your brother good-bye and run home, little girl. There is no help for it," he said.

"She is not my sister," said Jose Benito.

"You poor little thing, who are you, then?" asked the sailor. "And why do you care so much for this boy?"

"I am Maria," sobbed the child.

Poor Antonio was in despair.

"The fact that you are Maria does not help matters in the least," he said desperately. Then turning to the boy:

"Here you, Jose, or Benito, or whoever you are, tell me who this little girl is, and be quick about it. She is dressed better than you are. Who is she?"

"She is Maria, that is all I know, sir," said the boy still sobbing. "She lives in the house where I lived. They say she is the niece of the lady there; but nobody cares for her."

"Poor little thing!" said Antonio, drawing his rough hand over her eyes. "You can come aboard, little one," he added; "there are women there who will look after you, and when you grow up if you still love your friend you can marry him. But if we wait here any longer the Captain will send us. Will you come, Maria?"

"Yes, yes," said the child, eagerly, smiling through her tears. "Jose Benito is all I love in the world, for he is the only one who loves me. The others hate the sight of me. Oh, I know it all the time."

As Antonio seized the hands of the two children to hurry them into the boat, a woman came running down the pier.

"Maria, Maria," she called. Her voice was loud and angry.

The little girl trembled with terror. If Antonio had not caught her in his arms she would have fallen to the ground.

"Is this child yours?" he asked, scowling at the woman.

"She belongs to my mistress, and I have orders to take her away from this fool of a boy," replied the woman. She was dressed like a servant, and her face was as repelling as her harsh, ugly voice.

"I have no right to keep her," said the sailor, fiercely. "But I must say that leaving her with you is like throwing a canary into the jaws of a shark."

"Wretch!" said the woman: "but then who could expect anything decent and civil from an ugly sailor like you?"

"If I am as ugly as you are, may the Lord have mercy on me!" replied Antonio. He kissed the weeping child and sprang into the boat.

"Good-bye, Maria. I will come back some day," called Jose Benito as the boat was rowed away.

"Good-bye, Maria," called Antonio. And as he saw the woman with the ugly face

dragging the child away he muttered a malediction between his teeth, and swore by all the saints in the calendar that if there was any justice in the world that woman would die on the gallows.

Year came and went. The suns of twelve summers had scorched the old pier at Corunna, when one morning a ship's boat, rowed by two sailors, graced its keel on the beach, and a young man, the only passenger, sprang lightly ashore.

He had curly, golden young fellow, with wavy auburn hair, frank blue eyes and a handsome face, but his garments were threadbare. His trousers were of coarse, gray cloth and too long for him; his coat, shiny with much usage, was buttoned up to his throat, as if to conceal the lack of starch lines; his straw hat, broad-brimmed, like those worn in the South American plains, was frayed at the edges, and his heavy shoes were covered with patches, although they had been polished until they shone like a mirror.

The utter poverty of his appearance combined with his cleanliness and neatness was extremely pathetic.

The young man stood still for a moment running his eyes over the different streets which led from the water, as if striving to recall old memories. Then turning into one of them he made his steps toward the main street of the town. The main street was where all the life of the small port centered. Here were the handsomest houses, and before one of the largest the stranger stopped and timidly rang the bell.

"Does the widow Sanchez live here?" he asked, as a servant opened the door.

"Yes, she lives here," was the curt reply. "Tell her that Jose Benito wishes to see her," said the young man.

Without asking the stranger to enter, the servant turned away, when from the interior of the house came a sweet, eager voice:

"Jose Benito! Can it be true?"

"So true, Senorita, that I am here to prove it," said the young man, lifting his tattered straw hat as a beautiful young girl appeared in the doorway.

"Where is Jose Benito? Where is he?" she exclaimed.

"Here, Senorita," he replied, with a graceful bow.

"You! But—but Jose Benito was a boy when—"

"Yes, Senorita, he was a boy when Maria bade him good-bye, but that was twelve years ago."

"When I bade him good-bye! True it was years ago," she said with a weary sigh.

"You, Senorita—are you Maria?"

"I am Maria."

"I am Maria?" Those were the very words which when poor old Antonio asked your name."

"Yes, yes, I remember. Are you, then, Jose Benito? I am sure of it now," cried the girl, her lovely face radiant with delight.

She seized his hand, and drew him into a reception room near the door. "It is such a long time since we parted," she said, catching her breath. As she looked at his handsome face her cheeks were covered with blushes.

"Yes, Senorita, twelve long, weary years," he replied, without raising his eyes.

"Senorita! Why do you address me as Senorita? Am I not always Maria to you?"

The young man could not refrain from seizing and pressing the little hand which she extended to him. Then drawing away from her, he said, sadly:

"In those days long ago Jose Benito was a boy and Maria was a little child. Now Jose Benito is a man, but he is as poor as when he was a boy, and Maria is now a beautiful woman."

"Suppose you are poor, that is nothing," said Jose Benito, "I knew by your dress that fortune had not been kind to you before you told me; but for all that, dear old friend, you have improved. You talk better and have better manners than many a man who has gold in his purse."

Jose Benito's handsome face flushed crimson.

"Still, after so many years a man ought to bring money to show for his work," he said, with a sigh.

"Your hands are soft and white, still I am sure you have been industrious," she said, smiling sweetly.

He made no reply; he did not even raise his eyes to her face.

"Tell me, where is that sailor with the ugly face who was going to carry me away with him?" she asked.

"He is a very good heart. Poor old Antonio was a noble man."

"Oh, yes, I remember how kindly he spoke to me. Where is he?"

"Ah, Senorita, who can tell? In so many years the wind blows a sailor in all directions."

"Poor old man! I should like to see him again," she said.

There was a rustling in the hallway, and a tall, elderly woman entered the room, followed by two girls, who resembled her so much that it was evident that they were her daughters. All three were richly dressed in trailing silk attire and covered with jewelry, in striking contrast to Maria, who wore a cheap cotton gown and no ornaments.

"What is this? Who is this man, Maria?" exclaimed the woman in a sharp, disdainful tone.

Before Maria could reply, Jose Benito came forward.

"Is this Senora Sanchez?" he asked, politely.

"That is my name," replied the woman, looking at him with a frown.

"I am Jose Benito," he said.

"May the Saints have mercy on us!" she exclaimed. Then turning to her daughters, she added:

"What do you think of this good-for-nothing?"

"That he has come back as poor and shiftless as he went away," said Petra.

"And as big a fool," added Ramona, with a scornful laugh.

"Yes, more stupid than ever," said their mother. "Look how he stands there like a log."

"And you, what are you doing here alone with this man?" asked Petra, turning toward Maria.

"I was only wishing him welcome," said the poor girl, blushing violently.

"You cannot call this fellow a man," said Ramona, looking at him with a contemptuous toss of her head.

"I should think Maria would remember too well the trouble she had for saying good-bye to that boy to ever wish to set eyes on him again," exclaimed Petra.

The poor girl not only a good whipping but three days' solitary confinement on bread and water."

"What is the matter with you? Why are you staring at my daughter in such impudent fashion?" exclaimed the Widow Sanchez, addressing the young man, who stood gazing at Petra, his eyes blazing with indignation.

"And let me tell you, she added, 'if this bold girl Maria was punished for saying good-bye to you, she will be punished still more now for talking to you here alone. She will not only receive a sound flogging, but whenever my daughters and myself go to the promenade she will be locked in her room, that we may not return to find her disgracing her self talking with a beggar.'

"The Senorita Maria is not to blame. Senorita. It was I who—"

began the young man, interrupted him:

"That makes no difference. She had no right to listen to you. And as for you, sooner you take yourself away the better."

"Senorita, I must wait until you read this," said the young man, handing her a letter. "I have been ordered to bring it to you, I should not have entered your house without your permission."

"I am glad you have decency enough to apologize. Give the letter to me. Who sent it?"

"The old man arose and stood watching her with small, twinkling eyes.

The widow had no alternative. Furious as she was over what she considered Maria's folly in the world, she was compelled to acquiesce in it. That the girl herself would resist it never entered her mind, but Maria, hitherto the meekest and most submissive of maidens, declared that she would throw herself headlong from the Tower of Hercules sooner than become the

"It is from my master."

"Who is your master?"

"A generous, noble-hearted man, Senora; and he is a gentleman, too. He found me on board ship and he pitied me for my poverty and misfortunes. He offered to take me as his servant, and I was only too glad to accept."

"Hm! If he is rich and generous, I should think he would give you better clothes than these shabby ones."

"No doubt he will, Senora; but we only reached port an hour ago."

"What business has your master with me, and in such a hurry, too?"

"I do not know, Senora," replied the young man; but I do not escape his master's notice. He is a gentleman, and he has the hand that held the letter trembled.

"Are you to wait for an answer?" she asked.

"Yes, Senora."

"Then go and wait at the door until I call you."

The young man turned to obey, when the widow, who had hastily opened the letter, started violently.

"Jose Benito, Jose Benito, come here, quick!" she called.

Her daughters rushed to her side, questioning her eagerly, but she ordered them to leave the room. She was tall and stout, with stooping shoulders; he had an enormous nose, and his wrinkled skin was brown and weather-beaten; a stiff, bristling gray beard covered the lower part of his face, and his hair was reduced to a gray fringe around the back of his head, his chin being covered with a fine black broadcloth, with the exception of the vest, which was of yellow velvet spotted with red. Across the broad and ample breast he wore a gold watch chain as massive as a ship's cable, his fat fingers were covered with costly rings, and his shirt-front sparkled with a magnificent diamond.

At the widow's request he seated himself upon the sofa, while his long legs stretched half way across the parlor.

For a few moments not a word was spoken; each sat eyeing the other with evident distrust and suspicion.

"Have I the honor of addressing Don Jose de Yayas?" said the widow at length.

"Your servant, Senora. And I suppose I am addressing the Widow Sanchez?" said the stranger, with an awkward bow.

He was evidently embarrassed. He coughed several times, ran his fingers nervously through his beard, and then sat gazing at his red, bejeweled hands.

At length, summoning up courage, he said:

"I am a plain man, of few words, Senora, and we will proceed to business at once. What is your answer, yes or no?"

The widow hesitated. She had already formed her own plans to appropriate this man's millions, and they differed materially from those which he had proposed. Her object now was to gain time.

"When I read this letter which your servant brought me, I was much surprised."

"My Secretary. I have made the young man my Secretary," he interrupted her gruffly.

"I beg your pardon, Senor, your Secretary. When I read this letter, I thought at first it was a joke, and I was about to smile, but I saw that it was serious."

He leaned forward suddenly, and taking the letter from her hand, began to read:

"Respected Senora: I know that not only the house in which you live, but your jewels and all your property have been mortgaged and placed in the hands of a person was playing upon an unprotected widow, but—"

"As it told the truth, you saw that it was in deed earnest—eh, Senora?"

"I have been very unfortunate," she said, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, "and much as I shrink from doing so, I am compelled to accept your offered aid. I think I can make the terms satisfactory to you," she added with a smirking smile.

"I want nothing, Senora, except what the letter stated, that, or your business is at an end. Do you understand?"

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of such a hideous old man. The widow's commands and entreaties were of no avail, and in despair she finally locked the door, and in her room, alone, she should remain a prisoner until she came to her senses.

In the morning Jose Benito appeared with a note from his master. He was dressed in a new suit of clothes as became the Secretary of a millionaire, and looked handsome and even elegant in his new attire.

In the note Senora Yayas requested permission to visit his bride, which the widow did not dare to refuse. Then she set to work to prepare the obstinate girl for the interview. It was not an easy task. Only after a storm of threats and abuse did Maria allow herself to be arrayed in a silk gown belonging to one of her cousins, and conducted to the parlor to await the arrival of the dreaded bridegroom.

The widow met him at the door. She thought it wise to inform him of Maria's absence, and she told him that she had locked the door, and that she should remain a prisoner until she came to her senses.

"Hm! So she objects to the marriage, does she? That is serious," said the old man, thoughtfully. "Please allow me to see her alone for a few moments. I think I can tame the little rebel," he added, with a self-satisfied smile.

After a storm of threats and abuse did Maria allow herself to be arrayed in a silk gown belonging to one of her cousins, and conducted to the parlor to await the arrival of the dreaded bridegroom.

The widow met him at the door.

